

# AMATEUR CROOK MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL!



**"Jim" Smith,  
Noted  
Criminal  
Hunter. Tells  
Why the  
Beginner in  
Crime Is  
More to Be  
Feared Than  
His  
Experienced  
and  
Crafty  
Seniors.**



**UPPER** right and left, two poses of James Smith, former Chief of Detectives in St. Louis. Center, from top to bottom: Nellie O'Brien, pickpocket; Chas. Arnold, pickpocket; former Chief Smith "sweating" a prisoner; Lizzie Johnson, shoplifter; Edward Rice, bank sneak; Alonzo J. Whitman, forger.

progress under conditions that have a natural downward tendency.

**HE IS POOR REASONER, BUT HE KNOWS THINGS.**

In fact, criminal life judged from a commercial standpoint is a poor venture. Moral depravity expressed itself along different lines, and its depth is in proportion to the natural capacities for the good in the criminal. It does not seem unreasonable to assume that his mistakes in life are a natural sequence of environment.

As criminals grow wise from contact with the world, their crooked propensities are toned down and given indulgence only when necessity demands.

Criminals are poor reasoners, but they sometimes feel the truth, and in trying to understand it they are led astray by studying it from the one side only.

The question that many of us ask is: Why do men remain criminals when awakened to a recognition of its evils? I feel confident that all criminals whose reason has not been irrevocably affected by a depraved life will grow out of crime.

All that is necessary is to exert their will power, which consists in being able to say yes or no to a proposition.

It is of the greatest importance that the condition governing the growth of the youth should be such as to give the brain healthful development. They should be taught to distinguish right from wrong, and to resolve and to act. Moral sense is not in itself sufficient to keep them from doing wrong.

All criminals know right from wrong, but they lack a moral antipathy to sin, and no moral consider-

ation guides their actions. They look upon crookedness as a risk in life. They take extraordinary chances. Nearly every brutal crime results from lack of self-control, not from ignorance.

Detective Smith is 50 years old, and has been an officer since

April, 1889, when he joined the police force.

He was made a detective in 1890, and nine years later was appointed Assistant Chief of Detectives. In 1903 he resigned, but returned as Assistant Chief in January, 1907.

A month later he was made Chief of Detectives of St. Louis, and served in this capacity until June 1, 1911.

During his service as Chief, he inaugurated the present system of classifying forged checks by the handwriting, and having an expert in charge of such work, and also introduced the perfected Bertillon system in St. Louis.

Among the 3,000 criminals arrested by Chief Smith and his aids in the twenty-two years of his service, are many of international reputation.

Charlie Arnold, professional pickpocket, is among the best of Chief Smith's pickups. He arrested Arnold in 1908 on suspicion and, having only meager evidence against him, took his finger prints and sent them to Scotland Yard, London.

The prisoner's English had given the "hunch" that he might be known to the Yard. Back came photographs of Arnold and a record of crime of astonishing length.

The entire identification was made through the finger prints. Arnold was sent to the Missouri Penitentiary for two years.

Ed Rice, alias Big Ed, who is held in Europe, and who is known as one of the cleverest of bank

## Slang Terms Used by Detectives and Crooks To Conceal Real English

Following are some of the slang terms in use by detectives and their captives:

Peterman—a safe blower.  
Penman—a forger.  
Dip—a pickpocket.  
Moll-buzzer—a thief who robs women or snatches their purses.  
Gun-moll—a woman who aids a highwayman.  
Mug (noun)—a detective.  
Mug (verb)—to photograph a crook.  
Come Along—an easy victim, also a device used for wrenching combination from a safe.  
Soup—nitroglycerin.  
To rap—to recognize a crook.  
To throw down to a person—same meaning.  
To come in—to confess.  
Fence—a place where stolen goods are concealed or bartered.  
Making the queer—counterfeiting.  
Cannon—revolver.  
Nixey fighter—man who fights police.  
Stool pigeon—a favor-seeker who poses as a prisoner to obtain a confession from a suspect.  
Coke-head—one who uses drugs.  
Rolling a stiff—robbing a drunk.  
To Fan—to search a person for a gun.

## captured by Smith and served time in the Missouri Penitentiary. FEW WOMEN BURGLARS; MAY WILLARD A STAR.

Chief Smith's 22 years of service has brought him in close contact with women offenders and he declares that there are few women burglars.

May Willard, who operated in men's clothing, he recognizes as one of the most daring burglars of the opposite sex in the world. She spent several years in the Missouri Penitentiary, and was the only woman ever to escape from that institution.

She was recaptured and sentenced to further service. May Willard, according to Chief Smith, learned her profession from expert male burglars with whom she associated before her accidental capture.

Nellie O'Brien, a small woman of a rather innocent appearance, was recognized by the Chief as one of the best pickpockets in the business. He captured her, and through his testimony she was convicted.

"Women, though, have proved more successful as shoplifters than in any other branch of crime," says Chief Smith.

"Lena Kleinschmidt probably was the best in the business back in 1904. We had a tip she was coming to St. Louis to visit the World's Fair, and we went about notifying the department store managers to watch for her, showing them her picture.

"A few minutes after we left a certain store Lena entered. The department manager recognized her and had five men watch her closely as she went from counter to counter.

"When she departed he sent a man to follow us and one to shadow her. When I and my partner returned to the store, the manager told of seeing her.

**SHE GOT THE STUFF UNDER FIVE MEN'S EYES.**

"I had five men watch her and



you bet she didn't get anything here," he remarked.

"A few minutes later the shadow returned and said Lena and an accomplice had gone to a winerock several blocks away.

"We arrested her and at headquarters found she had a large roll of goods in a large pocket made to fit in front of her dress. The manager identified the goods as belonging to his store.

"Lena had taken the goods in front of the five men who were watching her."

Professional shoplifters steal only the best of laces and silks, Smith says. The old theory that some shoplifters used a "third" hand to steal goods is exploded by the Chief. He also declares that burglars seldom carry revolvers or jimmies.

"They carry a chisel as a general rule for fear that if they have burglar tools they will be sent up."

"The law makes it a penitentiary offense to have burglar tools in one's possession, but a man captured with a chisel in his pocket can always explain that he is a carpenter."

An electrically-heated coffee percolator that is made of earthenware is a New York inventor's novelty.

Water in which onions have been boiled is excellent for cleaning gilt picture frames and furniture.

## THIS KING OF BEASTS AS CUB MADE FRIENDS

Although it would not be safe to put one's self into the power of a lion, trusting to its generosity to make friends, there are a great many stories of the kindness of lions to other creatures which are perfectly true.

One day, more than 100 years ago, a lion cub only three months old was caught in one of the great forests near the River Senegal, and was brought to a Frenchman as a gift. The Frenchman, who was fond of animals, undertook to train it, and as the cub was very gentle and quiet this was easily done. He soon grew very fond of his master, and enjoyed being petted both by him and his friends, and what was more strange in a beast whose forefathers had passed all their life in solitude, the lion hated being by himself.

The more the merrier was clearly his motto, and whether the company consisted of dogs, cats, ducks, sheep, geese, or monkeys (which were bedfellows), or men and women, did not matter to him; and you may imagine his joy when one night as he went to bed he found two little newborn pups in his straw. He was quite as pleased as if he had been their mother; indeed he would hardly let the mother go near them, and when one of them died he showed his grief in every possible way, and became still more attached to its brother.

After six months, the lion, now more than a year old, was sent off to France, still with the little pup for company. At first his keepers thought that the strangeness of everything would make him frightened and savage, but he took it quite calmly and was soon allowed to roam about the ship as he pleased. Even when he landed at Havre he only had a rope attached to his collar, and so he was brought to Versailles, the pup trotting happily by his side.

Unfortunately, however, the climate of Europe did not agree with the dog as with the lion, for he gradually wasted away and died, to the terrible grief of his friend. Indeed he was so unhappy that another dog was put into the cage to make up for the lost one, but this dog was not used to lions, and only

knew they were savage beasts, so he tried to hide himself.

The lion, whose sorrow, as often happens, only made him irritable and cross, was provoked by the dog's want of confidence in his kindness, and just gave him one pat with his paw, which killed him on the spot. But he still continued to sad that the keepers made another effort and this time the dog behaved with more sense and coaxed the lion into making friends. The two lived happily together for many years, and the lion recovered some of his spirits, but he never forgot his first companion, or was quite the same lion again.

Many hundreds of miles south of Senegal a Hottentot, who lived in Namaqualand, was one evening driving down a herd of his master's cattle to drink in a pool of water which was fenced in by two steep walls of rock. It had been a particularly hot summer, and water was scarce, and the pool was lower than usual, and it was not until the whole herd got close to the brink that the Hottentot noticed a huge lion, lying right in the water, preparing to spring.

The Hottentot, thinking as well as his fright would let him think at all, that anything would serve as supper for the lion, dashed straight through the herd, and made as fast as he could for some trees at a little distance. But a low roar behind him told him he had been wrong in his calculations, and that the lion was of opinion that man was nicer than bull. So he fled along as quickly as his trembling legs would let him, and just reached one of the trees in which some steps had been cut by the natives as the lion bounded into the air.

However, the man swung himself out of his enemy's range, and the lion fell flat upon the ground. Now the branches of the tree were covered with hundreds of nests of a kind of bird called the Social Grosbeak, and it was to get these nests that the natives had cut in the smooth trunk the steps which had proved the salvation of the Hottentot. Behind the shelter of the nests the Hottentot cowered, hoping when

he was no longer seen the lion would forget him and go in search of other prey. But the lion seemed inclined to do nothing of the sort. For a long while he walked round and round the tree, and when he got tired of that he lay down, resolved to tire the man out.

The Hottentot, hearing no sound, peeped cautiously out to see if his foe was still there, and almost tumbled in terror to meet the eyes of the lion glaring into his. So the lion remained all through the night and through the next day, but when sunset came the lion could bear his dreadful thirst no longer and trotted off to the nearest spring to drink.

Then the Hottentot saw his chance, and, leaving his hiding place, he ran like lightning to his home, which was only a mile distant. But the lion did not yield without a struggle, and traces were afterward found of his having returned to the tree, and then sent the man to within 300 yards of his hut.

**He Was Careful.**

Little Tommy was bringing in the new kittens to show the visitor. He brought the first two into the room, carrying them painstakingly by the tails, while they howled and spit with vigor.

"Oh, Tommy!" exclaimed the visitor, "you mustn't hurt the poor little things."

"No, madam, I won't," Tommy replied, "I'm carrying them by the stems."

**A Boon Indeed.**

"At last," exclaimed the long-haired inventor, "I have evolved the greatest practical blessing of the age!"

"Oh, tell me, Theophilus, tell me what it is," begged his wife.

"A collar button with a little photograph inside that will call out when it rolls into a dark corner under the dresser: 'Here I am! Here I am!'"

The Belgian Ministry of Railways proposes to substitute motor vans for horse-drawn vehicles in all future contracts for freight delivery.